The World.

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A POLITICAL PERSECUTION.

Mr. Roosevelt is mistaken. He cannot muzzle The World, even though he revive by Executive order the infamous Sedition law which destroyed the Federalist party and made Thomas Jefferson President of the United States.

Although the indictments returned by the Grand Jury of the District of Columbia yesterday, in form, allege that criminal libel was committed against Theodore Roosevelt, William H. Taft, Elihu Root, J. Pierpont Morgan, Charles P. Taft, Douglas Robinson and William Nelson Cromwell, the case in reality is a political proceeding instituted by Mr. Roosevelt as President against the two great newspapers in the North which supported the Democratic national ticket last fall.

He said in his special message of Dec. 15, referring to certain articles about the purchase of the Panama Canal, *"they are in fact wholly and in form partly a libel upon the United States Government,"* adding that *"the real offender is Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, editor and proprietor of The World;"* that Mr. Pulitzer *"should be prosecuted for libel by the governmental authorities,"* and that *"the Attorney-General has under consideration the form in which the proceedings against Mr. Pulitzer shall be brought."*

In accordance with this form, the first indictments have been found in the District of Columbia under what Elihu Root himself described in the case of Noyes vs. Dana as ***"the same arbitrary and odious law against which Erskine fought in the days of George III."*** Mr. Roosevelt is employing all his power as President of the United States to use this "same arbitrary and odious law" to smother the freedom of the press.

This persecution, if it succeed, will place every newspaper in the country which circulates in Washington—and there are few of importance which do not circulate there—completely at the mercy of any autocratic, vainglorious President who is willing to prostitute his authority for the gratification of his personal malice. Few newspapers make large profits. Most of them could be ruined financially by the legal expense of defending themselves hundreds of miles from the place of publication and against the tremendous resources of the United States Government.

Under this procedure there is hardly an American newspaper proprietor who would not be liable to criminal indictment in Washington if his newspaper printed something offensive to the President, even though the proprietor might have been thousands of miles from his office at the time of such publication and known nothing whatever about it. There is hardly an editor or writer or reporter who would not be similarly liable to indictment at the whim of a President. In addition to this, all of them would likewise be liable to criminal indictment, as District-Attorney Stimson declares, *"in a number of separate and independent jurisdictions"*—that is, in the jurisdiction of all the ***2,809*** Government reservations in which copies of the newspaper might happen to have circulated.

If proof were needed that these indictments are in reality a political proceeding, instituted by Mr. Roosevelt against the two leading anti-Republican newspapers in the recent campaign, it would be necessary only to review his conduct during that contest. The articles chiefly complained of appeared in the news columns of The World between Oct. 3 and Oct. 16. At that time Mr. Roosevelt was the actual manager of the Republican campaign, and had been engaged in violent personal controversies with Mr. Bryan, Gov. Haskell and various other opponents. If he believed that the Panama articles printed in The World and the Indianapolis News were a libel upon the United States Government, or upon himself or Mr. Taft or Mr. Root, or upon anybody else, that was the time to join the issue and submit it to the judgment of the American people at the polls. Yet, although Mr. Roosevelt's political activities were unceasing, *never once did he refer to this Panama matter, never a complaint did he make in regard to these articles, never did he challenge the Democratic party or its candidates or any of its supporters to meet this issue of criminal libel* which he now raises on the eve of his retirement from office.

Even in his letter of Dec. 1 to William D. Foulke, viciously assailing Delavan Smith for what the Indianapolis News had printed about the Panama affair, Mr. Roosevelt made no charge against The World and made no claim that anybody had been libelled. On the contrary, he was careful to explain that "he would prefer to make no answer whatever in this case." "My plan," he said, "has been to go ahead to do the work and let these people and those like them yell." It was not until The World in its issue of Dec. 8 reproached Mr. Roosevelt for grave inveracities in his attack upon Mr. Smith and Mr. Laffan, and *urged a Congressional investigation* to establish the full truth about the Panama Canal purchase, that he raised the question of "a libel upon the United States Government" and announced in a message to Congress his determination to have Mr. Pulitzer "prosecuted for libel by the governmental authorities."

This threat was only one element in the Reign of Terror which Mr. Roosevelt instituted as soon as the election was over. He had already slandered citizens and Congress and the courts. An assault upon the freedom of the press was logically the next step in the gratification of his revenge upon everybody who had dared to interfere with his policies, projects or purposes. And in carrying out his scheme to employ the Government of the United States to punish newspapers which have fearlessly criticised him he has let it be known, in the words of the Tribune's Washington correspondent, that federal office-holders charged with these proceedings *"will earn his gratitude if their efforts are successful."*

The formal charges in the indictments bear only a nominal relation to the actual offense which the President seeks to prosecute. The real offense of The World is that for years it has consistently opposed on principle Mr. Roosevelt's jingoism, his militarism, his usurpations, his centralizing policies, his cowboy methods of administration and his government by denunciation, and never hesitated to tell the blunt truth about him whenever the public welfare so required.

The real offense of the Indianapolis News is that it refused to support the Republican ticket last fall, thereby costing the Indiana Republicans the Governor, a United States Senator, the State Legislature and several Representatives in Congress in that closely debatable State. Mr. Roosevelt is now abusing his great power as President and prostituting his great authority as President to exploit his political malice. These libel proceedings have no other object than to enable Mr. Roosevelt to employ the machinery of the United States Government to satisfy his personal desire for revenge.

We say this reluctantly; but we say it without qualification, because it is true. And we say further that whatever indictments Mr. Roosevelt may cause to be brought, in however many "distinct and independent jurisdictions," against The World or against Mr. Pulitzer or against editors of The World, he will not intimidate this newspaper or swerve it in the slightest degree from the performance of its public duty.

Mr. Roosevelt is an episode. The World is an institution. Long after Mr. Roosevelt is dead, long after Mr. Pulitzer is dead, long after all the present editors of this paper are dead, The World will still go on as a great independent newspaper, unmuzzled, undaunted and unterrorized.

Letters From the People

It Means "Please Reply."

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Please state the meaning of "R. S. V. P." printed on invitations.

S. RAFAPORT.

"R. S. V. P." stands for the French words, "Repondez s'il vous plait," meaning "Please reply."

The "Business" Problem.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

A reader says: "After losing $2,600 in business, A and B dissolve partnership. A receives $36,900, B $11,300. How much did each have at first? My solution follows: $37,200 A's share, $11,300 B's share, $2,600 loss. Then $50,000 capital at first. Answers: A had $37,000 at first; B had $12,000 at first."

HARRY A. DE MOUTH.

The Former Is Correct.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Which is correct: "Between you and me," or "Between you and I?"

F. J. C.

No.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Are black and white colors?

QUERIST.

Out With a String

By Maurice Ketten

Aunt Prue, From Philadelphia, Astonishes the Jarrs By Wanting to Go to a Show That's Not Respectable

By Roy L. McCardell.


ROY L. McCARDELL

"AUNT PRUDENCE wants us to take her out to-night," said Mrs. Jarr, when her husband came home the other evening.

"Well, let's take her out—and lose her," said Mr. Jarr.

"S-s-s-h!" She'll hear you," said Mrs. Jarr, "we must be nice to her, she may leave the children something in her will, but I do wish she would go back home to Philadelphia."

"I suppose she wants to go to some revival meeting," grumbled Mr. Jarr, "that means going to Brooklyn, there's always a revival going on in Brooklyn."

"We'll have to take her to whatever she wants to see," said Mrs. Jarr. "I suppose it will be something like that, or a lecture by a returned missionary."

"I'll go out and ask Gus if he knows where there's a revival or a missionary," said Mr. Jarr.

"And you'd better stop in a couple of hours at a bowling alley or a billiard parlor, you'll be sure to find out there also," said Mrs. Jarr, sarcastically.

"Well, I don't see how we can both go out to a revival meeting with her," said Mr. Jarr, evading Mrs. Jarr's remarks, "you have no girl to stay here with the children, so you go with her and I'll stay home. Don't mind me, I can go some other time."

"No, if I have to go you will have to go, too," said Mrs. Jarr. "I have some one who will stay and take care of the children and look after them in case of burglars or fire."

"Who?" asked Mr. Jarr. "The janitor's wife?"

"No," said Mrs. Jar. "Gertrude, the girl we used to have, will stay with the children. She says the way Mrs. Kittingly acts no self-respecting girl could stay with her. She wants her place back."

"What does Mrs. Kittingly do that shocks the sensitive Gertrude?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Well, Gertrude has been in a half dozen times helping me with the work, and she says she simply can't stay with Mrs. Kittingly. She is a nervous wreck over the way things are going on."

"Who's the nervous wreck, Gertrude or Mrs. Kittingly?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Why, Gertrude, of course," said Mrs. Jarr. "I don't believe that Kittingly woman has any nerves. Gertrude says she is never home—out all the time, day and night, and she never confides in Gertrude as to where she's been or what she has been doing."

"Gertrude is a peach," said Mr. Jarr. "When we hired her she was always out and we had to stay in, and from what you tell me the only times she ever did any work for us has been since somebody else has been paying her. And she objects to her mistress taking so many evenings off."

"Well, you can't blame the girl," said Mrs. Jarr. "As she says herself, she comes from a good family and has always been used to social activity. She doesn't like being left alone."

"All right, let her do our work; let her take care of the children, then, and we'll go see what brand of punishment your aunt Prudence from Philadelphia prefers as amusement," said Mr. Jarr.

So the two consulted their visitor. "I find that Gypsy Smith, the revivalist, is in the West," said Mr. Jarr, "he did great work in saving souls in Brooklyn last fall, Aunt Prudence. But I see by the papers that there is a preacher from a new sect that don't believe in hell conducting meetings this week in Harlem."

"I don't believe in those doctrines," said Aunt Prudence sourly. "I wouldn't listen to any man who tried to take all pleasure out of my belief! I want my belief to be a comfort to me."

"Well, I have no doubt there's something going on in some of the churches of interest, lectures on Palestine or something," said Mrs. Jarr, "for, of course, you don't want to go to the theatre?"

"What do you think I came over from Philadelphia for?" asked the old lady. "Of course I want to go to the theatre!"

"Is 'Ben Hur' or 'The Shepard King' playing anywhere in town?" asked Mrs. Jarr, "or may be Aunt Prudence would like that religious play 'The Servant in the House,' but I think that's gone."

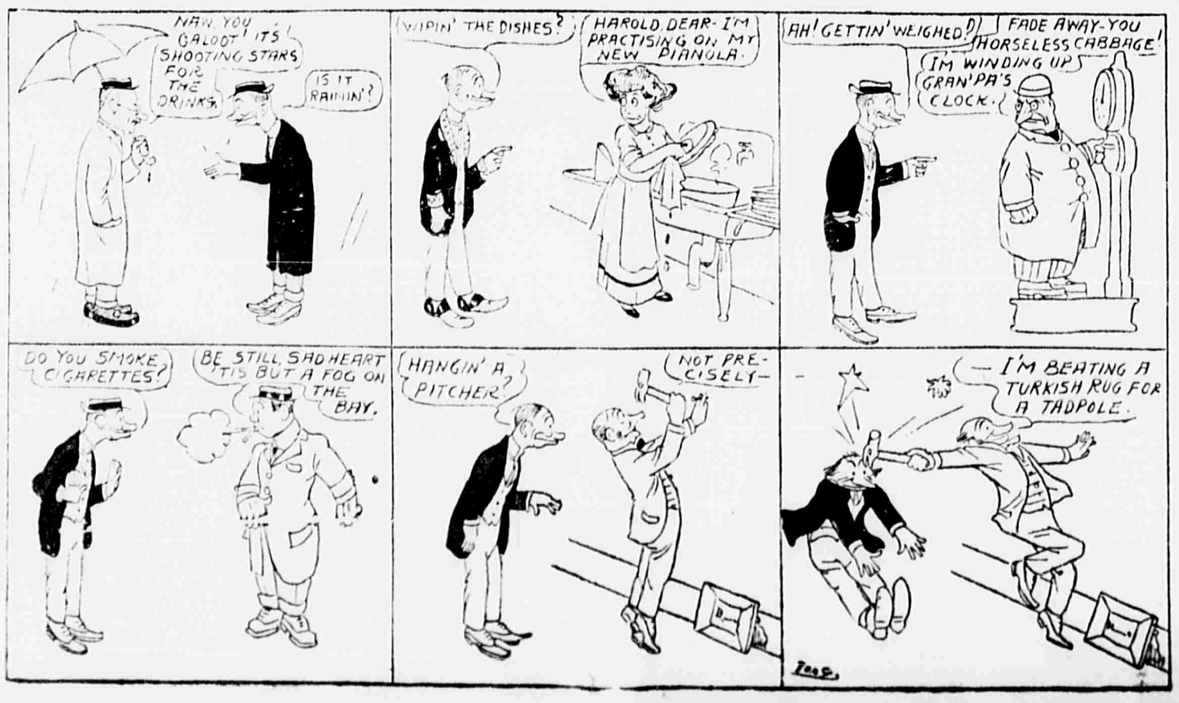
"Maybe Aunt Prudence knows what she'd like to see," suggested Mr. Jarr.

"Certainly Aunt Prudence knows what she wants to see!" piped up the old lady. "I want to see one of those plays that aren't respectable, for, of course, I wouldn't dream of going to see them in Philadelphia!"

They had to get the tickets from a speculator, but Aunt Prudence paid for them.

Have You Met JOHNNY QUIZ?

By F. G. Long



Battling Cupid's Reminiscences

His Career in the Ring of Love

By Nixola Greeley-Smith

SECOND EVENT.

How I Nearly Lost to Sweet Sixteen.


NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH

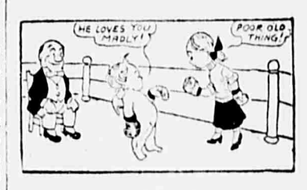
A FIGHTER'S greatest enemy is overconfidence. I've found that axiom to be just as true of the love ring as of the prize ring. After my victory over the Widow Squeezepenny I really believe that there wasn't a woman on earth I couldn't defeat with one hand tied behind my back. So when a match was arranged between me and a skinny young person of sixteen, with big brown eyes that made her look like a newly-hatched robin, I don't mind saying that I thought I was a sure winner. I cut out all training and when I went into the ring I was as fat and short winded as an alderman. A tendency to obesity is hereditary in the Cupid family, and it's harder for me to lose a few extra pounds than to win a fight. Also I'd been celebrating the Squeezepenny victory in fine style.

My opponent was that singular kind of ingenue one meets only in America—the girl who has read everything on earth from Ovid to Elinor Glyn, but who has had no more actual experience of the world than an unweaned kitten.

She was like those fellows that write long treatises on the theory of flight but who wouldn't run a heavier-than-air machine if the world's salvation depended on it. At least I thought she was like that when I stepped into the ring. My side partner this time was a man of forty, one of those Broadway graduates that have been winnowed out twixt star and star and have taken to falling in love with an unsophisticated girl as a sort of emotional Muldoon's. You know how you feel sometimes when your appetite goes back on you and you look at the bill of fare and realize that all the kangaroo steaks and rhinoceros ribs and 'possums are nothing but different cuts of the same tough old steer disguised with a fancy sauce, and then order cornmeal mush.

Well, I had Sweet Sixteen sized up as in the mush column, and, to tell you the truth, I thought she'd throw up the sponge the moment I stepped into the ring. Well, as they said on the sporting page of the Garden of Eden Gazette, two blows were struck, one when Sweet Sixteen handed me a heart blow and one when I hit the floor.

"Battling Cupid, champion of the world, against Sweet Sixteen!" called the referee, and as we shook hands she smiled at me. It was the bravest little smile you ever saw—no bluff about it—and, do you know, the fact that that little kid wasn't afraid of me knocked me cold. Hardened sinners, seasoned widows had grown white when I tapped



them ever so lightly. But, you see, that funny little mutt didn't know enough to be scared. There was no restriction about fighting in clinches, and of course when they're as young as that that's the way to win them. Get them in close quarters and then bowl them over with what that Bernard Shaw chap calls the Life-Force. He wrote the life of a barn fighter called Cashel Byron, and he knows what he's talking about. I tried hard to rush her to the ropes, but she danced away from me with that funny little smile working all the time.

"Don't you know there's a man dying of love for you?" I said.

"How funny!" she laughed.

"Don't you know that any number of the most beautiful women in New York have been mad over him and that it is a great condescension for him to notice you at all?"

"Poor old thing!" she sighed, dodging again.

"He's worth $10,000,000," I added, aiming frantically at her cupidity.

"But there's such a disparity in our ages," she countered. "But, of course, since he's as crazy about me as all that he can speak to mamma—if that's what you mean."

It wasn't at all what I meant, but it knocked me cold. Seeing I was helpless, my second jumped into the ring, threw his arms around Sweet Sixteen and began calling her his dearest Baby and telling her he never, never could be grateful enough to her for accepting him and bringing back all his ideals of womanhood.

I claimed a foul, of course, but it wasn't allowed. The referee mercifully called it a draw.

Abraham Lincoln As I Saw Him.

By Walt Whitman.

"I SEE very plainly," wrote Walt Whitman in his Washington note book under date of Aug. 12, 1864, "Abraham Lincoln's dark brown face with the deep cut lines—the eyes—always to me with a latent sadness in the expression. We have got so that we always exchange bows and very cordial ones. None of the artists or pictures have caught the subtle and indirect expressions of this man's face. And as I dwell on what I myself heard or saw of the mighty Westerner," continues the poet in the memorial which he contributed to the "Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln," which the Harpers recently issued, "and blend it with the history and literature of my age and of what I can get of all ages, and conclude it with his death, it seems like some tragic play * * * vaster and fiercer and more convulsionary for this America of ours than Eschylus or Shakespeare ever drew for Athens or for England."

Rex Beach Heroes Are Real.

REX BEACH is often asked whether the characters in his Alaskan novels are real, and his answer is that they are, in the main, although changed to suit the motives of the story. In "The Barrier," for example, No-Creek Lee, who never made a gold strike in his life, is real. The author tells some good stories about the old fellow, who was one-eyed and melancholy, and told Mr. Beach that he firmly believed that if ever he made a strike the creek itself would get up in the night and move. "The sight of a woman," said Mr. Beach, reminiscently, "terrified him beyond description. I was with him once when one came up and spoke to him, and he stood taking off his cap fifty times and bowing with agony. It was more than an embarrassing accident; it was an adventure, and he used to talk about it ever after. The one subject that rivalled it was a bicycle. Lee had never seen a bicycle except in magazine illustrations, but he used to talk for days about the sensation of riding one. You see, he just dreamed how it felt; he said it was like flying."

Thumbs and Their Many Uses.

THE disparagement of the usefulness and importance of the thumb implied in the expression, "His fingers are all thumbs," seems undeserved in view of the important part the thumb formerly played in the social customs of the people, and the very important part it plays in our own lives.

Lord Erskine, in his "Institutes," states that among certain of the lower ranks in Scotland the final settlement of a bargain was always signalized by the licking and joining of thumbs.

Selden, in "Titles of Honor," says that kissing the thumb was a mark of servility. The clergy, the rich and the great, were in receipt of this honor from their tradesmen.

From the remotest days of antiquity the practice of licking the thumb has been regarded as a solemn pledge or promise, existing, according to Tacitus and other authorities, among the Goths, the Iberians and the Moors, and it may also be traced through successive periods down to our own times.—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

The Day's Good Stories

Bad Fix.

THE lieutenant rushed to the bridge and saluted.

"Captain," he shouted—for the roar of the artillery was deafening—"the enemy has got our range."

The captain frowned. "Curse the luck," he growled. "Now how can the cook get dinner?"—Cleveland Leader.

Corrected.

"THESE cars are always cold," growled the shivering patron.

"My dear sir," interposed a meek passenger, "your statement is too sweeping. When I travelled in these cars last summer they were not cold at all."

Substitute.

MRS. WADE PARKER—Dear, let me have $2, please. I want to go to the matinee.

Mr. Wade Parker—Honestly, I haven't got more than 30 cents, and——

Mrs. Wade Parker—Oh, well, let me have that, and I'll go shopping instead.—Cleveland Leader.